

HOPALONG CASSIDY





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Every effort is made to insure that these comic magazines contain the highest quality of wholesome entertainment.

W. A. Fawcett, Jr., President

HOPALONG CASSIDY

starring
WILLIAM BOYD

and The
Case of the MYSTERIOUS
LOCKSMITH

I STILL DON'T UNDERSTAND
HOW YUH CAPTURED THAT
GRAB OF OUTLAWZ BY
YOURSELF, HOPALONG!

I WASN'T ALONE, MESSGITS—I HAD
JUSTICE AND RIGHT ON MY SIDE! ANYWAY,
NOW THY THOSE CROOKS ARE BEHIND BARS,
I'M GOING HOME AND GET A GOOD NIGHT'S
SLEEP! I'LL SEE YUH IN THE
MORNING!

4 HOURS OR SO LATER...

CASSIDY SENT ME OVER TO
FIX THE LOCKS ON THE
CELLS!

HUH? FIX
THE LOCKS ON
THE CELLS?

THAT'S RIGHT! DO YUH
WANT THEM FIXED
OR NOT?

SHORE,
SHORE! IF HOPALONG
SEND GO, OF COURSE!
O'D AWEY!

HOPALONG CASSIDY is based on the character originated by CLARENCE E. MULFORD



SHARPLY AFTER...
IT'S ALL FINISHED!
AND YUH DON'T HAVE
TO WORRY! I DID A
GOOD JOB, A REAL
GOOD JOB!

THAT'S FINE!
I OWE
HOPALONG
WILL PAY YUH
SEE YUH
AGAIN!



SOON...

THE DEPUTY'S
FIRST ASLEEP!
NOW HE CAN
GET OUT OF
HYAH!

BZZZ!
BZZZ!
BZZZ!

YEP! THE
BOSS ASLEEP
BET A GOOD
JOB ON THESE
LOCKSMITH
LEFT THE DOOR
OPEN FOR US
TO WALK OUT!
AA, AA!



WAIT TILL CASSIDY
COMES HYAH IN THE
MORNING AND
FINDS US
ALL DONE!

HE'LL
BRING THAT
DIZZY
MESQUITE
FOR FALLING
FOR HOBBS!
'LOCKSMITH'
'SIGHT!
AA, AA!



THE FOLLOWING MORNING...

...BUT I CAN'T UNDERSTAND
HOW THEY COULD HAVE GOTTEN
OUT OF THEIR CELLS!

NEITHER CAN I,
HOPPY! IT'S REAL
QUEER! ESPECIALLY
AFTER THAT LOCKSMITH
WAS HERE ONLY A FEW
HOURS BEFORE AND
FIXED EVERYTHING!



HUH? LOCKSMITH?
WHAT LOCKSMITH?

THE ONE YUH SENT
OVER TO FIX THE
LOCKS!



I NEVER SENT ANYONE HERE TO
FIX THE LOCKS, EVERYTHING'S CLEAR
NOW! THAT LOCKSMITH WAS A PRANK!
HE WAS PART OF THE GANG AND HE
FOOLED YOU INTO LETTING HIM
OPEN THE CELL DOORS SO
HIS BROTHER COULD
WALK OUT DURING
THE NIGHT!

BUT I
WATCHED HIM!
HE DIDN'T USE
ANY KEYS!



THAT MEANS HE MUST BE ONE
OF THOSE FELLOWS WHO IS
HANDY WITH LOCKS, BUT THE
IMPORTANT THING NOW IS TO
CAPTURE THEM AGAIN! AND
THAT MEANS WE'LL HAVE TO
WORK FAST!



THE FIRST THING TO DO IS WIRE
THE SHERIFFS OF THE TWO ADJOINING
TOWNS TO SET UP BORDER PATROLS
AND BE ON THE LOOKOUT
FOR THEM! THEN I WANT
YOU TO ROUND UP A
POSSE AND GO TO
QUARTY CREEK WHILE
I LEAD ANOTHER
POSSE TO AND
WILEY!

I GET IT!
THEN NO
MATTER WHICH
TOWN THEY'LL
BE HEADING FOR,
THEY'LL BE CAUGHT
BETWEEN TWO
GROUPS!



IS GUES? YOU'RE THE FRONT LOOKSMITH! WELL, FOR YOUR TROUBLES, YOU'LL GET A NICE CELL, TOO! AND THIS TIME, THAT WON'T BE ANYBODY TO HELP YOU GET OUT!

I DIDN'T THINK EVEN CASSIDY COULD WORK THIS ONE! IS IT ANYBODY'S BEEN FOR HIM, WE WOULD HAVE GOTTEN AWAY!

OHAY, BOYS, START RIDING BACK WITH THEM TO TWIN RIVER! I'M GOING OVER TO TALK THE ARD VALLEY MEN FOR THEIR HELP!

THAT WAS GREAT WORK, CASIDY! IF YOU EVER NEED MY HELP, YOU KNOW YOU CAN COUNT ON ME!

I NEED YOUR HELP RIGHT NOW, HOPALONG!

YES! MY WIFE'S MID NERVEN IS WAITING US AND WE'RE GOING TO MEET YUM! AND MY WIFE SAID IF I DIDN'T GET YUM OVER THERE BEFORE THE MID WENT HOME, SHE'D PUT ME IN THE ROOMHOUSE! NOW 'SCUSE COMING WITH ME NOW!

I'D LIKE TO, BUT I HAVE TO TAKE THOSE SHOTS BACK TO JAIL!

SURE, YOUR POWER CAN DO THAT! DON'T WORRY, THOSE VAMANTS CAN'T GET AWAY! THEY'RE HAND-CLIPPED!

ALL RIGHT, BUT I WON'T STAY LONG!

AS LONG AS YUM SHOW UP, THAT'LL BE ENOUGH! THE MID WILL BE HAPPY!

CASSIDY ISN'T RIDING BACK WITH US! THIS IS THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! I CAN GET OUT OF THESE HAND-CLIPS IN A SECOND, BUT WITH HIM AROUND IT WOULDN'T BE DONE ME ANY GOOD!

I'LL WAIT TILL WE'RE GOING THROUGH THE HILLS! ONCE MY HANDS ARE FREE, I KNOW JUST HOW TO GIVE THE POWER THE SLIP! I WON'T BE ABLE TO HELP MY MENDAHAN, BUT I'LL GET AWAY FOR SURE!

WHEN THE AGENTS REACHED THE HILL, THE HUNTER LOOKED AT HIS PLAN TO PERFECT, AND AFTER A PAUSE, HE SAID:

NOT A SIGN OF HIM! HE MADE A CLEAN GETAWAY!

I DON'T KNOW HOW HE DID IT, BUT HE DID IT!

WE'D BETTER GET THE REST OF THESE SIDEWINDERS TO JAIL, SO WE CAN STOP ANYTHING ELSE HAPPENING!



SHORTLY AFTER...

I GOT AWAY FROM THOSE FOOLS, BUT NOW HOW WILL I--WAIT, HERE COMES A STAGECOACH!



MAKES IT'S GOING TO STOP AT THE TAVERN ABOUT A HALF MILE AWAY! I'LL FOLLOW AND SEE IF IT DOES, MY TROUBLE WILL BE OVER--THANKS TO THAT BIG TRUNK ON TOP!



SOON ENOUGH THE STAGECOACH STOPS AT THE TAVERN!



THEY ALL WENT INSIDE, JUST LIKE I ANTICIPATED! NOW'S MY CHANCE TO SNEAK IN THE TRUNK!

THERE'S A BIG PADLOCK ON THE TRUNK, BUT THAT WON'T STOP ME! I'LL HAVE IT OPENED IN NO TIME!



THAT, IT'S OPEN!



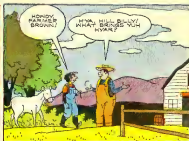
I'LL HAVE TO THROW THESE DUDES AWAY TO MAKE ROOM FOR MYSELF! THEN I'LL PUNCH A FEW AIR HOLES IN THE TOP OF THE TRUNK WITH MY KNIFE AND GET IN!



HA, THIS TRUNK IS GOING CLEAR THROUGH TO COLD MOUNTAIN SPRINGS AND THAT'S A LONG WAY FROM THIS JUNK! AFTER I GET THERE, CASSIDY WILL NEVER FIND ME!







WHITEY WHISKERS

in "KING OF CORN"

(SNIFF, SNIFF) HANK'S COOKING CORN ON THE COB! MMM, IT SMORE SMELLS GOOD! I WISH I COULD RUSH MY TEETH INTO A FEW OF THEM!







OO OH, YUH DON'T EXPECT ME TO BELIEVE THAT, OO YUH, WHITES WHISKERS?

THAT'S NOTHING! WAIT TELL YUH HEAR THE REST!



CACTUS IS SO BURNED SMART, I TASED TO FOOL HIM ONCE MYSELF!

FOOL HIM?



THAT'S RIGHT! SO ONE DAY I PICKED UP MY FISHING ROD!

WHAT ABOUT IT?



CACTUS WATCHED ME PICK UP THE FISHING ROD AND HE RAN OFF!

THE DOG WATCHED YUH PICK UP THE FISHING ROD AND HE RAN OFF?



YEAH, AND WHAT DO YUH THINK'S I LOOKED AROUND FOR HIM AND I FOUND HIM BEHIND THE BARN ---



--DIGGING UP WORMS!

!!!



(GARR) THAT'S TOO MUCH TO SWALLOW --- AND YOU'RE NOT GOING TO SWALLOW ANY OF MY CORN, EITHER!

(ULP!)



AM, WHO WANTS THEM?
THOSE EARS ARE TOO
SMALL FOR ME
ANYWAY!

SHALL I
DOSSONE YUH,
WHIEY WHISKERS,
DON'T TELL ME YUH
EVER SAW BIGGER
EARS THAN THOSE!



SHUCKS, THEY'RE
MIDGITS COMPARED
TO THE CORN I USED
TO GROW BACK
HOME!

OH, SO
YUH GROW
CORN BACK
HOME!



YEH, I GREW CORN SO BIG
THAT ON OCCASION I SAW
TWELVE CROWS SITTING ON
ONE EAR!

!!!



LISTEN, WHIEY WHISKERS,
THAT'S TOO MUCH OF A LIE!
NOW YUH KNOW YO'RE
EXAGGERATING WHEN YUH
SAY YUH SAW TWELVE
CROWS SITTING ON
ONE EAR!

WELL, I
RECKON I DID
EXAGGERATE AT
THAT! COME
TO THINK OF IT...



...THAT TWELFTH CROW
ONLY MANAGED TO GET
ONE FOOT ON THE COB!

!!!



I CAN SEE THAT THERE'S
ONLY ONE WAY TO STOP
YUH FROM LYING!

(GULP!)
HOW'S
THAT?



BY GIVING YUH SOME
CORN TO EAT! AT LEAST
THAT'LL SHUT YUH UP
FOR AWHILE!

HOT DIGGETY!
HOT DIGGETY!
SOMETIMES
MY TALL TALES
PAY OFF!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

STARRING WILLIAM BOYD *and*
**THE MARKS
OF GUILT!**

WHAT! TRYING TO KILL
YOU! BUT I'VE KNOWN PRED
BARR FOR YEARS! HE
WOULDN'T HURT A NY!

HOPALONG, YOU'VE
GOT TO SAVE ME!
MY PARTNER BARR IS
TRYING TO KILL ME!



OH NO! HE'S
KEPT ME TIED
IN THE CELLAR
FOR THE LAST
WEEK, BEATING
AND KICKING
AND WHIPPING
ME WITH A COY
ONER TAIL
SUBJECT ALL THE
TIME!

IT-IT DOESN'T
SEEM POSSIBLE!
YOU'RE VERY
SCARED! ARE
YOU SURE YOU
AREN'T IMAGINING
THE WHOLE
THING?

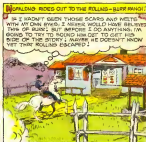
TAKE A LOOK AT THESE WELTS AND
SCARS ON MY BACK! DO YOU STILL
DUBB I IMAGINED IT?

(GASP) NO!
YOU WERE
TELLING THE
TRUTH! I
CAN SEE
THAT!

I COULDN'T HAVE LIVED THROUGH
MANY MORE WHIPPINGS LIKE THAT!
LUCKY FOR ME THE SCOTTS CAME MAY
AND I WAS ABLE TO BREAK THE
CELLAR WINDOW AND ESCAPE OR IT
WOULD HAVE BEEN TOO LATE!

BUT WHY WAS
BARR TRYING
TO KILL
YOU?







"GIVE ME SOMETHING TO HELP YOU! I'M TAKING YOU TO JAIL FOR ATTEMPTED MURDER! LET'S GO!"

"BUT I'M INNOCENT, I TELL YOU! KILLING MUST HAVE PUT ALL THOSE THINGS AWAY TO FRAME ME!"



"FIRST WOULD HE HAVE TO GAIN BY THAT?"

"I DON'T KNOW! MAYBE IF I WAS IN PRISON HE WOULD SELL THE BENCH AND POCKET ALL THE MONEY FOR HIMSELF AND BEAT IT! HE COULD CLEAN UP THAT WAY!"



"THAT COULD BE! BUT I SAW THE WHEELS AND BONES ON ROLLING BACK WHERE YOU WHIPPED HIM!"

"WHAT? YOU SAW THE WHEELS AND BONES AND BONES? MAYBE HE'D HIT HIMSELF!"



"NO MAN COULD BEAT HIMSELF LIKE THAT!"



"SAVE A FRIEND DID IT!"



"WHY? IT'S NOT LIKELY ANY MAN WOULD TAKE SUCH A BRUTAL ROLL-BY! BUT— DOES ROLLING HAVE ANY CLOSE FRIENDS?"

"LATELY, HE'S BEEN HANGING AROUND A GOOD DEAL WITH SOME CRITTER NAMED SHARD IN THE GAMBLING CASINO!"



"WELL, I'M NOT GOING TO LOCK YOU UP FOR THE PRESENT! YOU ARE IN TELLING THE TRUTH! I DOUBT IF YOU WOULD HAVE BEEN SO WILLING TO LET ME GO DOWN INTO THE CELLAR IF YOU WERE REALLY GUILTY!"

"I'M INNOCENT! I SWEAR IT, NOT LONG!"



"MAYBE! BUT ALL THE EVIDENCE IS AGAINST YOU! I'M GOING TO TRY TO FIND MORE FACTS! BUT I WARN YOU DON'T TRY TO LEAVE TWIN RIVER OR IT'LL GO BAD FOR YOU!"

"I WON'T GO ANYWHERE, HOPALONG! I'LL STAY RIGHT HERE!"





HOPALONG CASSIDY





SMART DEPUTY

By R. R. Symes



THE SETTING SUN turned the sky to pink and made the shadows long. Billy Grande and his big stallion, Hunter, made a striking picture as they moved along the ridge trail at a ground-consuming pace.

"Keep moving, Hunter," said Billy. "and we'll get to Clayton's Corners in time to have one of Ma Dranner's prime steaks. Or if you'd rather, you can have a prime heaping of oats."

Billy wore faded, patched levis and his peg-legged boots were scuffed plenty. His squat-crowned hat had once been white, but now it matched the gray dust that the horse's clattering hoofs stirred up.

Suddenly the even stride was broken and Hunter began to limp. "Blast it!" exclaimed Billy, reining up. "What'd you do, boy, throw a shoe?"

He dismounted and examined the steed's right forefoot. The shoe was still there, but it had cracked and a jagged piece had evidently flipped up to cut a gash in the fetlock. Grumbling as any cowboy does at the prospect of hiking, Billy began to lead the limping horse. "Now we probably won't get that steak before breakfast..."

The shot exploded somewhere ahead, to the north! Billy whipped out his Colt .44 and began running. A riderless horse clattered by and then he saw the man, sprawled face down on the trail, an ugly wound in the back of his head. The man's hat had fallen off and his white hair was grotesquely streaked with red. Instinctively Billy knelt down to feel for a pulse, but even before that he knew that the man was dead.

"All right, bushwhacker, reach for the sky!"

Billy saw the two men and the two revolvers. He had no choice. He reached. "Gents, you've made a mistake," said Billy. "I'm no killer. I heard a shot and came to see if I could help."

"You're the one who made the mistake, stran-

ger," said the taller of the two men. "We don't take kindly to dry gulching in these parts. You'll hang for this! Search him, Monk!"

The shorter man, the one called Monk, stepped forward, took Billy's six-gun and began feeling in his pockets. "He's got only the one gun, Gaiger," said Monk.

"Fire it once," said Gaiger. "Shoot into the air. It may bring us some help." Monk obeyed.

The sheriff, a tall, angular man with a bushy mustache, listened quietly while Gaiger and Monk told their story. "We caught this hombre dead to rights," said Gaiger. "He shot down old Pops McGee."

"We both saw him do it," agreed Monk. "Pops never had a chance. This killer plugged him right through the back of the head."

The sheriff turned to the prisoner. "What's your story, mister?"

"They're lying! This is a frameup," responded Billy.

Gaiger snorted. "Every killer claims he was framed."

"I was afraid somebody might get old Pops," said the sheriff. "When he headed out of town he was carrying a poke full of gold. He had struck it rich. Where's the gold?"

"Gold? We didn't know he had gold," said Gaiger. "This killer must have it. Better search him."

"Search ahead!" said Billy. "I've got no gold."

But the sheriff found two glittering nuggets in Billy's pocket. "Looks bad for you, son. Where's the rest of it?"

"He must have stashed it along the trail," suggested Gaiger.

Billy remained silent. He had been "caught with the goods." He knew that when Monk had pretended to search him, he had dropped the nuggets into his pocket. He knew now that

Monk had fired his gun so one cylinder would be empty, indicating that he had fired the fatal shot!

The sheriff called out, "John, come in here."

A big Indian, wearing a star on his vest, came in from the back room. The sheriff said, "John, lock up this prisoner. He's charged with murder. Guard him well and if anybody starts talking 'lynch', use your guns." John nodded.

Guiger sneered, "Well, redskin, if you decide to scalp him, that'll be all right with me. Save me a lock of his hair."

"Shut up, Guiger!" growled the sheriff. "Come along with me and show me where this all happened. We want to see if we can find where the killer hid that gold."

Billy was inside the cell. The Indian stood outside, with pencil and pad. "You want to make a statement?" he asked.

"I was framed," said Billy. "Not that you're likely to believe me."

"My job is not to believe you or doubt you," said the Indian, quietly. "I merely want some facts. What's your name?"

"Billy Grande. What's yours?"

"I am John Flying Bird, the chief deputy."

"Kind of unusual for an Indian to be a deputy sheriff, isn't it?"

"Any objections?"

"None whatever," said Billy. "I don't judge a man by the color of his skin. But I don't like for anybody to coop me in jail for a crime I didn't commit!"

"I don't blame you," responded John. "But the sheriff's not a fool. If you're innocent, he'll find that out, pronto. Now tell me your story."

Billy told it, sparing no detail. He even mentioned the reason he happened to be on foot when he found the murdered man—that his horse had been limping because of a faulty shoe. The Indian deputy took it all down, then asked, "You hungry? I'll get you something to eat."

Presently the sheriff returned and Billy could hear him and his deputy conversing in

low voices. A door closed. The sheriff came in and stood outside the cell. "John thinks maybe you're telling the truth, son," declared the lawman. "He's a pretty good judge of men. He's gone out with a lantern to look for proof to back up your story."

"Of course I'm telling the truth," asserted Billy. "But what proof can he find that will match those two lying 'eyewitnesses'?"

"You'd be surprised," said the sheriff. "John's got keen eyes and a good head. Lots of folks criticised me for taking on an Indian as chief deputy, but he's the best man I ever had."

"Find the gold?" asked the prisoner.

"Nops," said the sheriff. "But I will!"

It was John Flying Bird who eventually came and unlocked the cell door. "You're free and clear, Mr. Grande," he said. "We have no more business with you, unless you want to borrow a horse and join up with the posse that's going after Monk and Guiger."

"Do I?" exclaimed Billy. "Lead me to that horse!"

The sheriff swore Billy in as a posseman. Within twenty-four hours they had overtaken the two crooks and hauled them back to the jail. The sheriff assured Billy that they would hang.

"I'm still puzzled," said Billy. "I know I'm innocent and I figured they must be guilty because of the way they tried to frame me. But how did you know I was innocent?"

THE SHERIFF drawled, "You can thank John Flying Bird. I told you he's got good eyes and a good head. He checked over your trail. He found the marks of the hoisted horse-shoe. He saw how you had run along on foot. And he noticed that you were facing old Pops McOse all the time so you couldn't possibly have shot him in the back of the head. Yes sir, John is the best deputy I ever had!"

"I kind of agree," said Billy.

THE END

PISTOL PACKIN' PATTIE



*NO
HALFWAY
MEASURES!*



HEY KIDS!

TELL MOM YOU WANT
TO CARRY A FRESH
HOME MADE LUNCH
IN YOUR OWN...

Aladdin Hopalong Cassidy CHUCK WAGON SCHOOL LUNCH KIT AND VACUUM BOTTLE



BRAND YOUR HOPPY KIT AS YOUR VERY
OWN — WITH A FREE NAME PLATE DECAL

TELL MOM THE BOTTLE HAS THE SWELL NEW
ALADDIN SWEET SEAL RUBBER STOPPER — KEEPS
CONTENTS SWEET AND FRESH, EASY FOR YOU
TO GET IN AND OUT OF THE BOTTLE.



TELL HER IT HAS BOTH THE SEALS OF APPROVAL



and best of all — tell Mom the Half-
Pint Bottle is only \$1.69 — the Kit
and Bottle together only \$2.89 ...
For fresh lunches every day!

ALADDIN INDUSTRIES, INCORPORATED
NASHVILLE, TENNESSEE



HOPALONG CASSIDY

or
LUCKY 13



WHAT
HAPPENED,
MRSQUITE?

NOBODY REALLY KNOWS
HOPPY! I WAS THE FIRST TO GET
HEAR AND BY THAT TIME THE
TOWN HALL WAS ALREADY UP
IN FLAMES! ALL WE CAN HOPE
TO DO IS TO KEEP THE FIRE
FROM SPREADING! IT'S
TOO LATE TO SAVE THE
BUILDING!

AND TO MAKE
MATTERS WORSE,
ALL OF TWIN RIVERS
IMPORTANT
DOCUMENTS ARE
ON MY CASE IN
THE TOWN HALL!



I'LL TRY TO GET
THEM FOR YOU,
MAYOR!

HOPPY! HAVE YUH
GONE LOCAL? YOU'LL
BE BURNED TO A
CRISPER!



HOPALONG CASSIDY!
COME BACK BEFORE
THE BUILDING COLLAPSES
ON YOU!

THOSE PAPERS ARE
IMPORTANT TO EVERY
CITIZEN IN TWIN
RIVER, SO I'LL TAKE
THE CHANCE!

FEARLESSLY, THE TWIN RIVER
SHERIFF FIGHTS HIS WAY THROUGH
THE FLAMES TO THE MAYOR'S OFFICE.



HERE ARE THE
DOCUMENTS,
BUT --

... WHAT ARE THOSE KEROSENE
CANS DOING HERE? IT LOOKS
AS IF THIS FIRE HAS NO
ACCIDENT?



BUT RIGHT NOW I'D BETTER GET OUT
OF HERE OR I WON'T BE ABLE
TO WORRY ABOUT WHO'D WANT
TO DESTROY THE TOWN HALL!



AND JUST AS THE MIGHTY TWIN RIVER
LEAPS OUT OF THE BLAZING INFERNO --



THANK GOODNESS
YOU GOT OUT ALIVE,
HOPPY! I WAS
JUST GIVING YOU
UP FOR LOST!

HE'S GOT THE PAPERS
WITH HIM, TOO! NOT
ONLY IS HOPALONG A
GREAT SHERIFF BUT
HE'S A GREAT
CITIZEN!

THIS WILL MAKE QUITE
A STORY FOR THE NEXT
EDITION OF THE TWIN
RIVER GAZETTE --
HOPALONG CASSIDY
HERE AGAIN!



I'VE GOT A BETTER STORY
FOR YOU, GLENN! SOME-
ONE DELIBERATELY BURNED
DOWN THE TOWN HALL! I
FOUND THE OVERSIGHTED
KEROSENE CANS IN THE
MAYOR'S OFFICE!



GOSH OHMLOCK,
HOPPY! IF YOU
HADN'T DASHED IN
THERE, EVERY-
ONE WOULD HAVE
THOUGHT IT WAS
AN ACCIDENT!



BUT WHY SHOULD
ANYONE WANT TO
BURN DOWN THE
TOWN HALL? WHAT
COULD HE GAIN
BY IT?

NOTHING, THAT'S
WHY IT MUST
HAVE BEEN THE
WORK OF A
MADMAN! I'LL
SWAY THAT MAKES
A STORY,
HOPALONG!



I AM TO SEE
WHAT I CAN DO
ABOUT CATCHING
THE GUILTY PARTY!
BUT IN THE MEAN-
TIME, MAYOR, WE'D
BETTER SEE WHAT
WE CAN DO ABOUT
ERECTING A NEW
TOWN
HALL!

I'M AFRAID THAT'S
NOT POSSIBLE!
THERE'S JUST NOT
ENOUGH MONEY
IN THE TWIN
RIVER
TREASURY
FOR
THAT!



I KNOW EVERY-
ONE IS AGAINST
LOTTING, BUT
WHAT IF WE HELD
ONE TO RAISE
THE MONEY TO
BUILD A NEW
TOWN HALL?

SINCE IT'S FOR SUCH A GOOD CAUSE, I WOULDNT BE AGAINST IT! I RECKON IF WE SOLD CHANCES AT ABOUT FIVE DOLLARS APECE WE COULD RAISE ENOUGH MONEY.

I THINK IT'S A GOOD IDEA! IN FACT, I'LL GIVE MY WINNING BULL AS A FIRST PRIZE TO THE MAN WITH THE LUCKY BOUNT SO WE DONT HAVE TO SPEND ANY MONEY ON A PRIZE!

AND I'LL PRINT UP ALL THE TICKETS FOR MORNINGS. AS MY DONATION, THAT'LL SAVE A LOT OF MONEY, TOO!

WE'LL NEED A CHAIRMAN FOR THE TOWN HALL FUND RAISING SO I SUGGEST WE APPOINT HOPALONG!

COUNT ME OUT, MAYOR! I DONT APPROVE OF LOTTERIES ON ANY SCORE AND BESIDES, I'LL BE TOO BUSY TRYING TO FIND THE PARTY WHO STARTED THE FIRE TO TAKE CARE OF ALL THE MONEY THAT'S COLLECTED!

IT WAS GLINN'S IDEA SO WHY DONT WE MAKE HIM CHAIRMAN?



THAT'S A GOOD IDEA, MAYOR! SINCE IT WAS MY CAN WE COUNT ON YOU, GLINN?

I RECKON SO! SINCE IT WAS MY IDEA, I OPMIE IM STUCK WITH IT!

YEAR COMES THE LAST OF THE LOTTERY BOOKS ROLLING OFF THE PRESS NOW ALL WE HAVE TO DO IS DISTRIBUTE THEM TO MY COMMITTEE AND HAVE THEM START SELLING THEM!

I'LL SELL SOME, TOO! BUT FIRST I WANT TO MAKE SURE I KNOW WHAT TO DO!

WHEN I SELL A TICKET, I GIVE THE PURCHASER HALF OF THE TICKET AND STICK THE OTHER HALF WHICH HAS THE SAME NUMBER ON IT IN THAT BALLOT BOX!

THAT'S CORRECT, HOPALONG! AND TO MAKE SURE THERE'S NO TAMPERING WITH THE TICKETS, HOPALONG WILL LOCK THE BOX RIGHT NOW BEFORE THE LOTTERY TICKET SALE STARTS AND NOT OPEN IT UNTIL ALL THE TICKETS ARE SOLD!



AND WHEN THAT HAPPENS, HELL OPEN THE BOX AND LET Y'AH, AS CHAIRMAN, SUBMIT THE WINNING NUMBERS!

CORRECT! NOW LET'S START SETTING THE BOOKS IN CIRCULATION! THE QUICKER THE MONEY STARTS FLOWING IN, THE QUICKER WE'LL HAVE A NEW TOWN MALL!

THE END OF THE LOTTERY PLAN!

AND I'M HAPPY TO ANNOUNCE THAT YOUR CHAIRMAN, EDITOR GLINN, HAS TURNED OVER ALL THE MONEY FROM THE LOTTERY TO ME, AND WORK ON THE NEW TOWN HALL WILL COMMENCE IN THE MORNING!

AND NOW, AS SOON AS HOPALONG CLOSERS THE BALLOT BOX, I'LL SELECT THE NUMBER OF THE PRIZE BALL!







AND IT'LL PROBABLY
BE CARRIED
AWAY!

HOT IF I CAN
HELP IT!



YUN GOT IT, HOPPY!
BUT WHAT DO
YUN WANT ALL
THOSE
UNLUCKY
NUMBERS
FOR,
ANYWAY?

LET'S GET BACK TO
THE JAILHOUSE
AND I'LL SHOW
YOU, MESQUITE!

LATER AT THE JAILHOUSE...



YOU'RE RIGHT, HOPPY!
THERE'S A DUPLICATE
OF EVERY NUMBER,
BUT THE WINNING
ONE! SOME COULDN'T
FEETER JOINT GOT
AWAY WITH AS MUCH
MONEY AS WAS TURNED
OVER TO THE HANNO
TO BUILD THE NEW
TOWN HALL!

WHAT ROE SAID
ABOUT THE MONEY
INVOLVED FROM THE
TOWNHALL IS RIGHT,
BUT NOT THE PART
ABOUT THE COINTEER
FEETER! THESE
TICKETS ARE
THE REAL
THING!



YUN MEAN
GLANN DELIBERATELY
PRINTED TWO
SETS OF
LOTTERY
TICKETS?

IT SURE TIES IN WITH
THE FACT THAT THERE
WAS ONLY ONE NUM-
BER ONE SO THAT NO
TWO PEOPLE WOULD
CLAIM THE PRIZE AND
GIVE THE FRAUD AWAY!



SOO EVEN IF
THAT WERE
SO, HOW
COULD HE HAVE
ARRANGED TO
CALL THE NUM-
BER ONE OUT
OF THE BALLOT
BOX?

WHO KNOWS WHAT
NUMBERS HE REALLY
PICKED OUT? ALL WE
KNOW IS THAT HE
CALLED NUMBER ONE
OUT! IN FACT, IT'S
WAS! THAT IS IT!
CHECK GLANN'S FINGER-
PRINTS WITH THOSE WE
FOUND ON THE MESQUITE
CANY, THERE'S
MATCH!



DO YOU THINK HE BURIED
DOWN THE TOWN HALL JUST
TO SET UP THIS DOUBLE-
LOTTERY SCHEME?

THAT'S MY HUNCH AND
NOW I INTEND TO SEE
IF I CAN STICK GLANN
WITH IT!



WELL, YOU HAVE
ENOUGH ON
GLANN RIGHT
NOW TO LOCK
HIM UP!

I KNOW, MESQUITE, BUT IF HE KNOWS
WE SUSPECT HIM, HE'LL HIDE
ALL THE MONEY HE COLLECTED!
I'D LIKE TO FIND IT FOR EVIDENCE
BEFORE I LOCK HIM UP!

HOPALONG CASSIDY

WHAA DO YUH EXPECT TO LOOM FEE IN HOPPY?

ONE THING'S SURE, HE DON'T PUT IT IN ANY BANK. A BIG DEPOSIT LIKE THAT WOULD GET A SUSPICION SO I FIGURE IT'S HIDDEN IN HIS OFFICE! NOW IF YOU CAN GET HIM OUT OF THERE ON SOME "PRETENSE"



A FEW MINUTES LATER --

"IF YOU REALLY UNCOVERED A GOLD-YEN, PRESQUITE, THAT WOULD MAKE A REAL STORY FOR THE PAPER!"

SET YORE HORSE AND COME WITH ME, ALYNN AND I'LL SHOW IT TO YUH."



BUT AS THEY RIDE OFF --

BY THE WAY, HEDQUITE, HE'S PRETTY SURE IT'S THE SAME HONORS WHO PRINTED THE DUPLICATE SET OF LOTTERY TICKETS --

...DON'T SA --



WHAT'S THAT YOU SAID?

NO-NO! JUST A JOKE I WAS MAKING!



IT MAY BE A JOKE, BUT IT'S NOT GOING TO BE ON ME! I DON'T KNOW HOW HE GOT WISE, BUT I AIN TO RIDE BACK AND PICK UP ALL THE MONEY I MADE ON THOSE EXTRA TICKETS AND YAMDOOSE!



SHORTLY AFTER --

I WAS ALMOST GIVING UP HOPE OF FINDING IT, BUT HERE IN THIS MONEY -- HIDDEN IN THIS TYPE BOX!



AS HOPALONG RODES OUT THE NIGHT HE DOESN'T HEART ALYNN CREEPING UP ON HIM!





FAVORITE COWBOY IN COMICS! AND IN THE MOVIES! --

LIGHTNING WITH THE BULLWHIP!

ACTION ON THE RANGE!

SUSPENSEFUL ADVENTURE!

HARROWING ESCAPADES!

LARUE



10¢ ON NEWSSTANDS ACROSS THE NATION 10¢

UNFOOLABLE FULLER



THIS IS THE FIRST TIME I'VE BEEN OFF MY FARM! BUT I DON'T WANT ANYONE TO KNOW IT!



I'LL JUST ACT CONFIDENT AND SURE OF MYSELF AND NOBODY WILL KNOW THAT I'VE NEVER BEEN IN THE CITY BEFORE!



HAHAH! "BILLIARDS"? I NEVER DID HEAR 'BOUT THAT BEFORE!



I JOKIN' ITS SOME KIND OF CITY CONTRAPTION! I'LL GO IN AND HAVE SOME!



HAHAH, WE HAVE NOTHING LIKE THIS ON THE FARM! BUT I SHORE WON'T LET ANY OF THESE CITY SLICKERS 'ROUND HERE KNOW THAT THIS IS ALL NEW TO ME!



